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RHYMES BY HERALD RHYMSTERS
 THE SHERIFF OF CERO-GORDO.
 "The meanest way a man can ride
 Is back ward up a mountain side,
 In some old stage like this," I cried,
 "The cold winds blowing!"
 "Look here, Sheriff, if you will verred!
 The Sheriff's ride is much the worst;
 He sends a party we foot first
 The way he is going!
 "Speakin' o' sheriffs, just you wait!
 We've got the best ones in the State!
 You'll find him round early and late
 Tendin' to his mate!
 And if the first one that we meet
 On Cero-Gordo's single trail
 Isn't the Sheriff, then I'll treat—
 The fault's not his!"
 And having nothing else to do
 I listened to these minsters, few
 Told their long yarns till I am through,
 To suit their notion.
 At last we saw the mountain brow;
 But when the driver set us down
 We saw the little mining town
 Was coming.
 Our friend, who seemed to be the "boss,"
 Said:—"What's the matter here, old boss?"

But raising his uncovered head
"The Sheriff's funeral!" he said;
"For know ye, 'boss,' our Sheriff's dead."

Until the Judge can fix his fate—
I mean Judga Lynch, the magistrate!
The self-sema rope
That lowers the Sheriff's coffin down
Shall drag this villain through the town
And hang him where he'll never drown

"But hein't ya got no funeral sensa?
What, plant a pard, and send him hence
without a word o' reference."

"For preachers never come this way,
And none is ever glad to see us pray,
Nor 's any grace!"

"Strange, look here! We're in a fix!
We know a heap 'o' politics!
And there no more 's no pick-
And that he habt labored
But when it comes to Bibls truck
We're always 's a muck
For that's a lodge we never struck!
We're dabsterged!"

"We knowa you're smart! You've got the look
O' one's as sometimes reads the Book!
But say, my friend, 's no understand-
To play the preacher!
Ye habnt got any critics here!
Then them as blame our work, the bier
Will always wear aye as the peer
O' brother Deecher!"

"We're glad you're not, twixt you and me,
For my mind can't say it was
Too high for miners such as we
Down in the drift!
Although the miners' plannars need,
Our hearts are bigger than our ere; it,
But set us on some Christian dead
We'll ever be the peer!"

"The Sheriff, sir, was brave and squirel
The very fact he didn't swear
Would sort o' recommend him there,
If it could make us
Now if you'd tell the Lord a faw
O' his good pins to help him through,
We'll do our best to be the peer
Expense—well pay it!

"We oftagin' the Master's will
Go underneath, not up the hill;
En't yet the ore we seek to find
Is not detected!
With tender heart and honest brow;
What about the ore we seek to find,
He did the best as he know'd how!
Is more expected!"

"Sometimes in business one descends
To what his conscience ne'er commands;
And a religion oft depends
On his location.
So hold his cage a little slow,
"Would discomfit of the Lord, ye know,
To and our pard too far below
Your commendation!"

"I'll tell ye, stranger, just you cry,
He want no more 's no pay!
But take his average, day by day,
He'll clean up well!
Some low grovellers, out on the morns
That judge on the other shore
They think a man as we judge are
Is he to be!"

"If we can only get him through
The peary gates I think he'll do
Of course he'll be a wife nee
Among the saints!
At first he'll find the seraphim
A little off—rather prim;
But with his wint'ers, poor Jim
Will get acquainted!"

"Just over yonder on the knoll
They've sunk a sort of prospect hole:
Now, stranger, don't you take contris
O' this poor aye!"

Then he and I walked on ahead,
And sorrowed at the low next:
While heaven's benediction shed
Of closing day.

They listened all with bated breath:
Told them all the good Lord said—
Man must in the world be dead!
They heard some reason why—
"Your Sheriff has gone up on high!"
Man never heard more grateful glad
For comfort given.

I'd got him up, but grew perplex
To know what the good Lord next:
Tried to recall some pleasing text
Would keep him there.
I'd leave him at the throne of grace,
Even if I knew he ran a race
Hurrying to the other place
Of dark despair.

I couldn't send him down to dwell
To speak the truth, I couldn't tell
If there was such a place as hell
I'd never say a word!

Said—"At the golden gate there stood
Our Lord, so merciful and good,
That when the Sheriff came the world
No doubt, get in there!"

Ah, who would not get some comfort ay
Where faith and hope had lost their way!
And when he came to the last
I found them kneeling
Down on both knees, with hat in hand!
Down on both knees, with hat in hand!
White nona but God could understand
How deep their feeling.

For not a single word was said,
In the presence of the dead
Each bowed with his uncovered head
In dumb devotion
As each a life speech must not rob
The hearing ears of one faint sob
Whole prayers went up with every sob
Of their emotion!

God listen best when silence pray!
For mused words and unaided phrase
Of the selfish pride betrays
Or creed or schism.

While their prayers dropped from their eyes
The weeping Christ to baptize,
Think you kind Heaven would quite deride
Such sob baptism!

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

NIEUW AMSTERDAM.

Time is ever silently tearing over his page, and sad-
ness is a volume thus made to be speedily forgotten.

High in the dark gray vault September's moon is
shining;
Far away in the mill girl church heaves the star-
studded bay.

Low on Pavonia's hills one purple cloud, resting
Softly on the wailing, languidly heaving mourning
chief, the day.

Softly the straying winds—wards of eternal ocean—
Tread on the clover carpet, with the ripe peace-
devotion

Swing the locust branches, whisper their sweet
joy.

Unto the merry moonbeams dancing in skyward
joy.

Hark! to the thrud home the rook "good night!"
calling

Winging his heavy ay toward his by his bowers east
While in each faithful cot sparkling eyes are fall
in St. Nicholas' keeping, into a hardy rest.

Lost in the leafy shade wrapping the Maiden's
Valley
(Hard by the haunted Collier, splashing with
daily)

Dreaming of days to come, burgher and maiden
daily.

Breath of the sky vrows out as Manhattan's shores
Bright is the tavern's glow, sweet is the careless
laugh

As in the foamy flagons Orange's Prince they
toast.

Quickly the drifting smoke under the blackened
rafter

As to each "mel to rusten?" answer the guests
and not

None is the peaceful eye—gone are the festive
voices—

Gone are the twin who vainly dreamed the
call

O'er ne scented him the ocean breeze rejoiced;
Looked is the lovely picture, safe is the happy
past!

THOMAS FOSTER.